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OLD ENGLISH SONGS IN AMERICAN VERSIONS.

WHILE collecting games of children, some years ago, I came upon several examples of old English songs, preserved in America in versions independent of print.

The songs seem worth printing, if only as an illustration of the pertinacity of this form of tradition.

The first example is the very ancient song of the joys of Mary. The version comes from Connecticut, whence ultimately derived I could not discover : —

The first joy that Mary had, it was the joy of one,
To see her son Jesus into the world to come.

 Into the world to come, good man, and blessed may he be,
 With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and Christ eternally.

The second joy that Mary had, it was the joy of two,
To see her son Jesus go through the world, go through.

The third joy that Mary had, it was the joy of three,
To see her son Jesus upon the cursed tree.

The fourth joy that Mary had, it was the joy of four,
To see her son Jesus open wide the door.

The fifth joy that Mary had, it was the joy of five,
To see her son Jesus make the dead alive.

The sixth joy that Mary had, it was the joy of six,
To see her son Jesus bear the crucifix.

The seventh joy that Mary had, it was the joy of seven,
To see her son Jesus wear the keys of heaven.

The eighth joy that Mary had, it was the joy of eight,
To see her son Jesus make the crooked straight.

The ninth joy that Mary had, it was the joy of nine,
To see her son Jesus make the water wine.

The twelfth joy that Mary had it, was the joy of twelve,
To see her son Jesus (burst the gates) of hell.

The reciter could not give the tenth and eleventh verses, nor the whole of the last line.

From English children in Philadelphia the following version of the first verse is obtained : —

The first good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of one,
To bring into this sinful world her dear and only son.

The next good joy that Mary had, it was the joy of two,
To teach her dear son Jesus to read the Bible through.

It would be worth the while of some collector in England to gather together modern versions, of which many are probably still there current.

A few years ago, Catholic children, in the streets of New York, were in the habit of singing a peculiar version of an old carol.

I wash my face in a golden vase,
Golden vase, golden vase,
I wash my face in a golden vase,
Upon a Christmas morning.

I wipe my face on a lily-white towel,
Lily-white towel, lily-white towel,
I wipe my face on a lily-white towel,
Upon a Christmas morning.

I comb my hair with an ivory comb,
Ivory comb, ivory comb,
I comb my hair with an ivory comb,
Upon a Christmas morning.

Two little ships were sailing by,
Were sailing by, were sailing by,
Two little ships were sailing by,
Upon a Christmas morning.

Guess who was in one of them,
One of them, one of them,
Guess who was in one of them,
Upon a Christmas morning.

The Blessed Virgin and her son,
And her son, and her son,
The Blessed Virgin and her son,
Upon a Christmas morning.

So far the carol may be a late importation; but the following stanza, chanted in perfect good faith, and without intentional irreverence, is a curious evidence of the manner in which ancient religion is affected by newly acquired patriotism, among children accustomed to too little literary culture to perceive the incongruity:—

Guess who was in the other of them,
Other of them, other of them,
George Washington and his son,
Upon a Christmas morning.

W. W. N.